

March 31, 1989

Dr. Curtis Horton Baylor
Route 1 - Box 107
Ludlow, Vermont 05149

Dear Deacon,
What a fine surprise to get a nice newsy letter from you!

Your very complimentary comments I feel to be exaggerating, because it seems to me that too much of the time I have managed just to miss the boat. Yet I do thank you, and you do make me feel very good about the world. At the moment I am swamped with trying to write up some of the leftovers I never seemed to have time to report while I was still active. As you can gather from that statement, I did retire from the faculty of State Univ. of N.Y. in May, partly because nobody seems to be looking very hard for an almost octogenarian surgeon, especially when he has macular degeneration and has to stick to the large print for reading and to daylight hours for driving.

Yes, I do have 2 sons who are surgeons, one an assistant professor in charge of the Surgical Intensive Care Station at Boston University Hospital and the other just pulling up stakes in Minnesota to go out to Kaiser in Oregon. I gather it is the same organization that Auggie Jonas joined so long ago. The third son is involved in some sort of social work in Dallas, Texas, and claims to be veray happy with it. My daughter is married to a pediatrician in Sweden, a young man she first met when the whole family spent a year in Stockholm while I had a sabbatical year at the Karolinska Institutet nearly 30 years ago. She was a degree I.C.U. nurse in New York City before she went back to Sweden 7 years ago, but they would not let her have a permit to do nursing for several years because the government said there were too many Swedish nurses looking for jobs. Now that she has been qualified, she does not want to leave her busy game of translating Swedish medical papers into good English for publication either here or in England.

I doubt if we shall get to the Hopkins reunion, since we are building a new home back in Minnesota and that looks very much like the time we shall have to make the move. Will certainly keep it in mind and make it if I can. Was sorry to miss you last reunion.

Do you remember the times you cut single words out of some notes I had made and challenged me to tell you what the words were? That has something to do with why I am typing this letter instead of writing longhand.

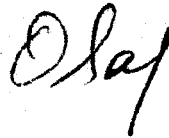
It is interesting that you are in Ludlow. Mary and I drove past you at Thanksgiving to visit my niece and her husband, who run a real estate business at Mt. Ascutney. Wish I had known you were there.

I had forgotten that you were acquainted with Clara Louise, and your letter in her envelope was therefore quite a surprise.

Thank you for writing. It is nice to re-establish lines of communication.

Mary joins in sending our best to both of you.

Yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Clara".